

With several Illustrations by CHARLES KEENE & others, will be published in a few days.

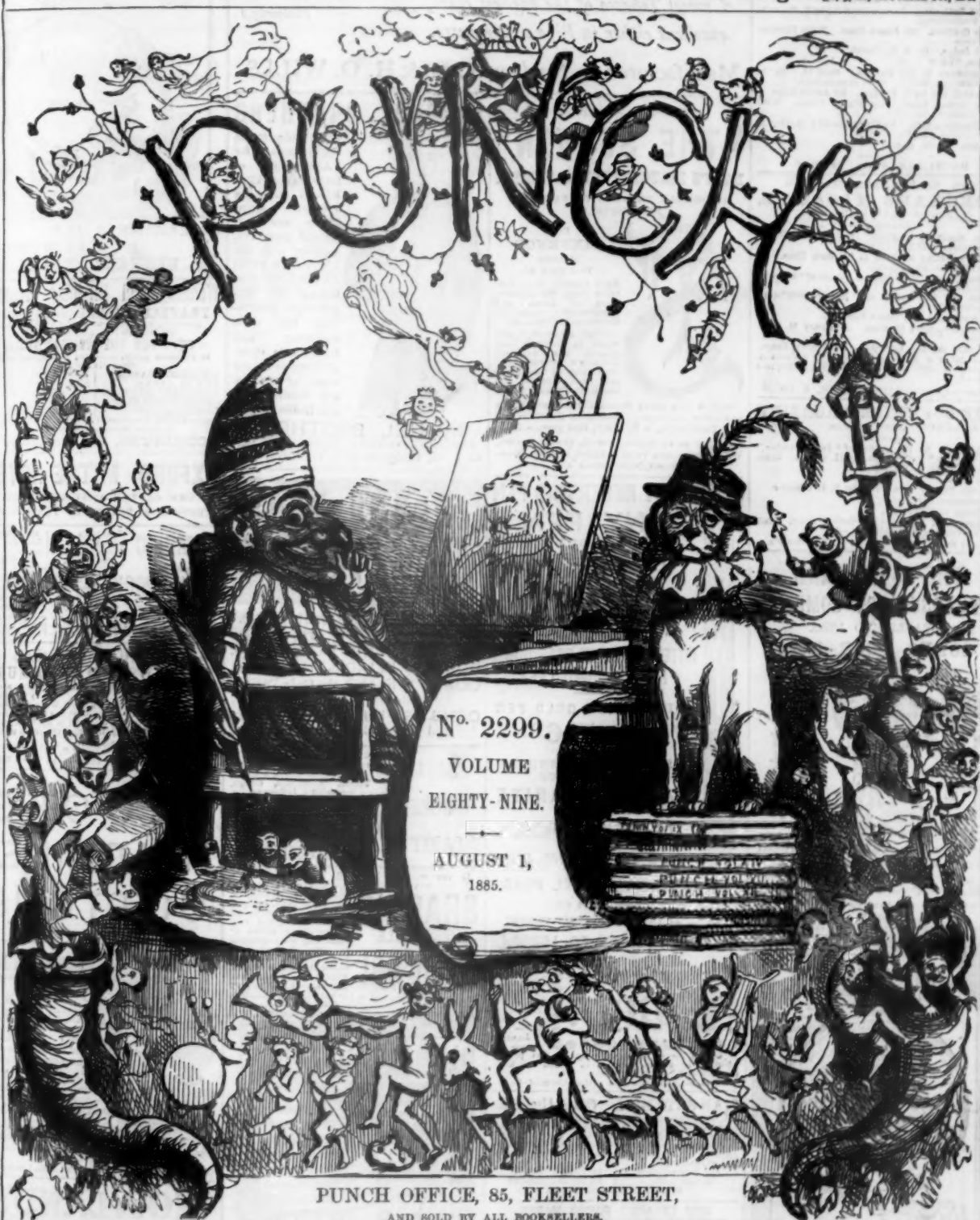
# ROBERT; or, Notes from the Diary of a City Waiter.

From "PUNCH." Price One Shilling.

[BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO.,  
25, 26, SOUTHVIEW ST., E.C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Each of the 32  
Volumes can be  
had separately in  
Enamelled Boards,  
price One Shilling;  
or in Cloth, price  
One Shilling and  
Sixpence.

## THE HANDY-VOLUME SCOTT.

(NOVELS.) COMPLETE. (POEMS.)

CONTAINING all the WAVERLEY NOVELS, and a complete collection of SIR  
WALTER SCOTT'S POETRY, making 32 elegant little volumes. The poetical  
volumes are adorned with frontispieces and illustrations representative of the best  
known Scottish scenery, or of places which the genius of the poet has made famous.

PRICES IN "CASE."

Grimsby Cloth, extra gilt	£3 3 0
French Morocco	4 17 6
Turkey Morocco, or Russia	9 10 0

PRICES IN "CABINET."

Enamelled Boards	£2 2 0
Fine Cloth	3 3 0
French Morocco	4 14 6

**PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.**  
Price SIXPENCE, by Post EIGHTPENCE.  
**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE**

- For AUGUST, 1885, contains—  
1. *Peat Gathering.* From a Drawing by T. Macnab. Frontispiece.  
2. *The Crofters.* By James Sims. With Illustrations.  
3. *Bill Judge.* By M. E. Halliwell.  
4. *Poem.* By H. A. H.  
5. *Pilgrimage of the Thames.* Part II. By A. Hastings White. With Illustrations.  
6. *Beneath the Dark Shadow.* By André Hope.  
7. *The Circus Three.* By Walter Crane. With Illustrations.  
8. *A Family Affair.* By Hugh Conway (Author of "Called Back").  
9. *Youth.* By W. F. B.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.


**LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,**  
Number XXXIV.—AUGUST.


- CONTENTS—  
*White Heather: a Novel.* By William Black. Chapters XXIX.—XXXII.  
*Garrick's Acting as Seen in his Own Time.* By Walter Horne Popham.  
*Too Good.* By George Milner, Author of "Country Pleasures."  
*Eulalia.* By the Author of "Mrs. Jennings's Journal."  
*Transformation.* By Edgar Fawcett.  
*La Rochefoucauld's Maxims.* By Henry M. Trollope.  
*My Friend the Beach-Comber.* By Andrew Lang.  
*Prince Otto: a Romance.* By R. L. Stevenson.  
*Rock II.—Of Love and Politics.* Chapters X.—XIII.  
London, LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE**  
For AUGUST. Price Sixpence.

- CONTENTS—  
*Court Royal.* By the Author of "John Herring."  
*"Mehalah."* &c. Chap. XVII. to XX. Illustrated by G. du Maurier.  
*Family Food.*  
*A Cheap Rigger.* Illustrated by E. J. Wheeler.  
*Parliamentary Boroughs.*  
*The Birth of Mountains.*  
*Rainbow Gold.* By David Christie Murray. Book IV.—continued. Chap. IV.—VI.  
London: SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

**THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
ESTABLISHED 1825.  
**BONUS YEAR—1885.**

Accumulated Fund, 61 Millions Sterling.  
BONUS already divided, 31 Millions Sterling.  
  
EDINBURGH, 3, George St. (Head Office).  
LONDON, 63, King William Street, E.C.  
3, Pall Mall East, S.W.  
DUBLIN, 68, Upper Sackville Street.  
BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES IN INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

EDINBURGH, 9, 9, ANDREW SQUARE  
Established for Mutual Life Assurance—1815.  
  
**The Scottish Widows' Fund.**  
1885—  
The Assets exceed Eight & a half Millions Sterling  
LONDON: 22, CORNHILL, E.C.


The  
"Four Seasons,"  
A sweet Tobacco of the highest class,  
excellent either in Pipe or Cigarette.

"Sweet when the Morn is grey,  
Sweet when they've cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of Day  
Possibly sweetest."  
(Calverley.)

Manufactured *In Bond* by W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

Just Ready, the AUGUST Part of  
**"THE SEASON"**  
LADY'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO FASHIONS EXCLUSIVELY.

  
Price SIXPENCE Monthly. Post Free, 6d.  
Each Monthly Part contains about 500 Illustrations of Dress and Needlework, numerous Flat Paper Patterns, &c.  
"THE SEASON," published in thirteen Languages, has achieved literally a "world-wide" reputation as the cheapest, most elegant, and excellent Fashion Paper.

Edition with Three Beautifully-Coloured Plates and Extra Supplement containing Novelties and New Needlework, 1s. Monthly; Post Free, 1s. 6d.  
Published at 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C., London, and to be obtained from all Booksellers, News-vendors, &c.

**A PERFECT RESERVOIR PEN ANY PEN OF ORDINARY SIZE AND ANY INK MAY BE USED.**

  
**2s. 6d.**  
FITTED WITH NON-CORRODIBLE IRIIDIUM-POINTED PEN  
FITTED WITH GOLD PEN 5s. & 7s. 6d.  
IT CANNOT CORRODE BEING MADE OF HARD VULCANITE  
OF ALL STATIONERS.  
ALSO, THE "SWIFT" WRITING INKS AND THE "SWIFT" STEEL PENS  
Wholesale only of the Sole Manufacturers:  
**THOS. DE LA RUE & CO. LONDON.**

THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA.  
  
**Tonga**  
"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."  
"Invaluable in facial Neuralgia. Has proved effective in all those cases in which we have prescribed it."—MEDICAL PRASS.  
2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.

**SANGSTER & CO., Umbrella**  
Makers to the Queen and Royal Family, have prepared for this season a large assortment of ENTIRELY NEW PARASOLS and SUN UMBRELLAS, in new designs and colours, comprising their much-admired "Princess" and "Sun" Umbrellas for Bicycles, Shows, and Races.  
180, Regent Street. 54, Fleet Street.  
75, Chesapeake. 10, Royal Exchange.  
N.B.—Umbrellas from 6s. 6d.

HOW TO AVOID FINGER MARKS.  
**STEPHENSON BROS.' SUPERIOR FURNITURE CREAM.**  
6d. Sample Bottle free by post for 6d. in stamps. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Iron-mongers, &c.  
Sole Proprietors, STEPHENSON BROS., Bedford, Yorks.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS**

respectfully invite applications for PATTERNS of their NEW MATERIALS for the Present Season. These are forwarded post free, together with the ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, containing 260 Engravings, illustrating the most becoming and fashionable styles of Costume for the wear of Gentlemen, Youths, Boys, and Ladies.  
  
"Eton" Suit.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.  
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

**CONDY'S FLUID**

"The best Disinfectant known to Science."  
The Times.  
CONDY'S FLUID Makes no Smell.  
CONDY'S FLUID is Not Poisonous.  
CONDY'S FLUID, the Only Purifier for Cisterns.  
CONDY'S FLUID, the Only Cheap and Agreeable Disinfectant.

**SAVARS CUBEB CIGARETTES.**  
CUBERS STRAMONTIUM and CANNABIS IND. (soothing). Relief in Asthma, Throat Affections, Cough, Bronchitis, Indigestion. A Specific against Pops. One Cigarette the last thing ensures a good night's rest. Box of 12, 1s.; Box of 30, 2s. 6d.  
Full directions. All Chemists.

IF YOU WISH to be Well, and KEEP WELL, BRAGG'S VEGETABLE CHARCOAL CHOLERA, TYPHOID, FEVERS. 2s., 4s., and 6s. per bottle, of all Chemists.

ELEGANCE & COMFORT.  
  
**J. L. HOMSON'S NEW INDESTRUCTIBLE DRESS IMPROVER**  
CANNOT BE CRUSHED OR BROKEN DOWN  
SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS

**HOWARD'S PARQUET FLOOR COVERINGS.**

  
HOWARD'S CLEVELAND CROWN PARQUET

IMPERISHABLE AND ECONOMICAL  
**26, BERNERS STREET, W.**


**Wedding and Birthday Presents.**  
**TRAVELLING DRESSING BAG.**  
Morocco, with Hall-marked Silver Fittings. 4s. 6d., 5s. 10s., 6s. 10s., 7s. 10s., 8s. 10s., 9s. 10s., 10s. 10s., 11s. 10s., 12s. 10s., 13s. 10s., 14s. 10s., 15s. 10s., 16s. 10s., 17s. 10s., 18s. 10s., 19s. 10s., 20s. 10s., 21s. 10s., 22s. 10s., 23s. 10s., 24s. 10s., 25s. 10s., 26s. 10s., 27s. 10s., 28s. 10s., 29s. 10s., 30s. 10s., 31s. 10s., 32s. 10s., 33s. 10s., 34s. 10s., 35s. 10s., 36s. 10s., 37s. 10s., 38s. 10s., 39s. 10s., 40s. 10s., 41s. 10s., 42s. 10s., 43s. 10s., 44s. 10s., 45s. 10s., 46s. 10s., 47s. 10s., 48s. 10s., 49s. 10s., 50s. 10s., 51s. 10s., 52s. 10s., 53s. 10s., 54s. 10s., 55s. 10s., 56s. 10s., 57s. 10s., 58s. 10s., 59s. 10s., 60s. 10s., 61s. 10s., 62s. 10s., 63s. 10s., 64s. 10s., 65s. 10s., 66s. 10s., 67s. 10s., 68s. 10s., 69s. 10s., 70s. 10s., 71s. 10s., 72s. 10s., 73s. 10s., 74s. 10s., 75s. 10s., 76s. 10s., 77s. 10s., 78s. 10s., 79s. 10s., 80s. 10s., 81s. 10s., 82s. 10s., 83s. 10s., 84s. 10s., 85s. 10s., 86s. 10s., 87s. 10s., 88s. 10s., 89s. 10s., 90s. 10s., 91s. 10s., 92s. 10s., 93s. 10s., 94s. 10s., 95s. 10s., 96s. 10s., 97s. 10s., 98s. 10s., 99s. 10s., 100s. 10s.  
**SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE.**  
In Polished Brass, Oxidised Silver, and Glass from 2s. to 40s.  
**DRESSING CASES.** **DESPATCH BOXES.**  
**JEWELL CASES.** **STATIONERY CASES.**  
**POCKET ALBUMS.** **WRITING CASES.**  
**CIGAR CABINETS.** **INKSTANDS.**  
**LIQUEUR CASES.** **CANDLESTICKS.**  
And a Choice Assortment of English, Vienna, and Parisian Novelties, from 6s. to 60s.  
**RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly, W.**

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL**  
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

**CAMBRIC** Children's... 1/6 Hemstitched Ladies'... 2/6 Ladies'... 3/6 Gents'... 4/6 Gents'... 5/6 Per Dozen.  
By Appointment to the Queen and Crown Prince of Germany. ROBINSON and CLEAVE, BELFAST.  
**POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**

**LIQUEUR of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE**  
This excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Cholera Attacks and also the remedy for Indigestion, can now be obtained of all Wine Merchants. The late advance in the Customs duty not having been maintained, the Liqueur is again procurable at prices which bring it within the reach of most all classes. Sole Consignee,  
W. DE KIL, 2, NEW LONDON STREET, MARK LANE, E.C.

**BROOKS' MACHINE COTTONS.**

  
**COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER.**  
as supplied to H.M. War Department.  
**COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER,** as adopted by the United States Government.  
**COLT'S "FRONTIER" PEPPER,** takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle cartridge, 44 cal.  
**COLT'S ROVER REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER,** and **DEMIKOR,** for the Vest pocket; best quality only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.  
**COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUNS** and **MAGAZINE RIFLES,** for India and the Colonies. Price List free.  
**COLT'S FIREARMS CO., 14, Pall Mall, London, W.**

**ROWLAND'S KALYDOR**  
Cools and refreshes the Face during Hot Weather, eradicates freckles, Tan, Freckles, Stings of Insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Ask any Chemist for Rowland's Kalydor.



## TIPS! TIPS! TIPS!

(More of "the Ring and the Book." By Our Specially-engaged Sportsman.)

SIR.—"Odds, my life!" as the Book-makers used to say in the last century, but I may refer your readers to my letter last week with the confidence of a man who knows what he is writing about, and who has by this time earned the gratitude of the astute Sportsman who, seeing what I meant about the Leicestershire Cup, cleverly avoided the Duke of Richmond, and backed Corunna.



Some features of a Race Meeting, and two remarkably straight tips.

The Jockey was WALL—a regular Brick Wall. Let the weakest go to the Wall for advice in the future, and if he's up to his Thursday form, the Brick-layers may back him at long odds. Lord HARTINGTON was immensely pleased. Well, 'tis a poor HARTINGTON that never rejoices! And now for Goodwood. "Off, off!" cried the Stranger; "but I forget on what occasion the Stranger cried off. It might have been applied to Goodwood this year, and would have meant that, as there were fewer than ten acceptances for the Goodwood Stakes, the race became void, and all bets were off. This is the first time such a thing has happened in the history of Goodwood, and is one of the greatest miss-stakes of modern racing times. It must not occur again.

Ere this letter appears, the first day's racing will be over at Goodwood. How about the second day? I do not intend to be too minute about the second, but still have a word or two to say for the benefit not of those who run horses, but who read leaders. For the Stewards' Cup I can only say that if Lord HARTINGTON doesn't have it for his side-board, it will be because the horse which has so suddenly Blossomed into a winner may be full blown before he reaches the post, and will have yielded his place to those who shall have earned a right to occupy it. *Sweetbread* is one of the entrées, and *Hermitage* doesn't go badly with this dish. If I am told that all the horses down in the list will come up to their several owners' expectations, I reply, "Sir, you are a romancer; but there is such a thing as winning by a *Neck-romancer*." In some cases it's neck or nothing. "*Brag's* a good dog," and you will see whether this applies to him as a horse. Much depends on the weather, the state of the bellows, and the riding; so, *a propos* of *Brag*, let us sing, Shakspearially, "Hayhoe, the wind and the rein!"

Talking of singing, Lord CADOGAN may strike up "They've none got a Mate but me!" and, as an Irish Friend of mine observed, "There's more than may mate the eye in that horse." A good deal of fine work about *Laceman*. *Honiton soit qui mal y pense*, and I recommend my readers to keep a wary eye on his Hopperations. How easily *Laceman* may be turned into *Placeman* anyone who minds his "p's and q's" (and, after this, no one can x q's himself for not minding his p's) will see. Many a true word's uttered in jest, and, if the jest is bad, why, as the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, "jest send," says my Irish Friend again, "for a *Placeman*." Omens strike some people forcibly. When you are training to Goodwood, look out for a Porter, and, if he's a half-and-half chap, be cautious how you deal with the Duke of Richmond (there's only one Richmond in the field, mind), and, when you alight, ask about *Luminary*, and you may get a perfect *Blaise*.

No Time like the *Present Times*, though, of course—that is, of race-course—it will be not unwise to make an exception in favour of *Wild Thyme*. Mind, *Wild Thyme* grows. When you want something to suit, give a look round at the TAYLORS'. If tired, go to *Bed-ouin*, which rhymes with WILLIE EDOVIN, the eccentric Comedian, and this is but another way of spelling Ed-win. A cockney, who may drop his money but retain his "h's," might read this Hed-win. But this may or may not be. Whatever your luck may have been hitherto, let "*Nil Desperandum*" be your motto when you're near *Despair*. Look out! Two for her heels! But *Nil Desp.* would have been a fine motto for the scuttling polley in Egypt; "*Despairing of the Nile*." However, I am a sportsman first and a politician afterwards.

For the rest of the field I can only say, and those who know me know that I mean what I say and say as much as I mean, that is, when I've said all I mean, keep your *Bright Eye* and your *Dart-mouth* open, think of *Childhood's* happy days before a *White-lock* appeared, and you went to school with a *Satchel* which you dis-

carded in the holidays, when you were taken to see a spectacle at the Theatre near old Hungerford Bridge, entitled *Hobson's Choice*; or, *The King of the Furies*, the principal characters being *Albert Melville*, *Adelina*, who, as a *Pearl Diva*, sang a song about Oyster Patti, a mysterious *Domino*, an *Eastern Emperor*, who was always running after an *Oriental Girl*, who, as she would have nothing to say to him, was mistaken for a *Crosspatch*, and repulsed him with an *Energy* which might have, in old times, distinguished a *Highland Chief*, and in modern times would have distinguished the plucky Commander of the *Condor*. It will not do for me to pretend to absolute certainty as a tipster, or I might be inclined to be frank with you about *Sir Francis*. Do you know the river Stour? Well, you may not set the Thames on fire, but can you find a match for a *Stour-wick*?

To return to omens. Going into a reading-room, a friend of mine the other day tripped over some cocoa-fibre matting, but as he was out for a trip, it didn't matter. What did he exclaim? "*Ha! matting!*" Is this anything resembling *Harmattan*? Then sitting down to luncheon, he was disappointed in not seeing beef, and cried out, "*Ha! mutton!*" What does this portend? He kicked the black-and-tan terrier, accidentally, as he explained, because not on any account would he *Harm-a-tan*. These may be coincidences: I give them for what they are worth.

Hot weather! Do you wish you were on the Boulevard? or down on the Royal Fern, in the shady *Glen Albyn*, going in a bucket to the *Lang-well*, which is as broad as it's lang, and I'm as deep as that is. Do I say leave well alone? Give me a quiet dinner at *Royal Hampton*, and let *SADLER* provide the saddle for the party, and after the meal we shall all be *Ful-men*.

The Cell, Bye Lane, Betfortounshire.

Yours ever,  
PEPPER THE HERMIT.

## Where's Lindley Murray, M.P.?

AMONG the Clauses to be proposed in Committee on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, appeared the following paragraph, the composition of Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P. for Liverpool:—

"A justice of the peace if satisfied by information laid before him that there was no reasonable cause to believe in such unlawful detention of the girl, and that such persons acted wantonly and without *bona fide* interest in the girl, may be liable to be fined not more than forty shillings, or imprisoned for any term not exceeding fourteen days."

Poor Justice of the Peace! Rather hard on him. SAMMY SMITH must have a spite against Magistrates.

## GOODWOOD STAKES.

(Cooked by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Cravin' Stakes.



Gratwicks.



Lean-Ox.



Entering for the "Drawing Room."



Singleton.



Stew'ards.



THE WHITE-BAIT SEASON.

*Rustical Maiden Aunt (who is unacquainted with this "delicacy of the Season").*  
 "N-NO, THANK YOU! NO S'RIMPS, THANK YOU!!"

## QUITE NEW AND ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

DEAR MR. NIBBS,

As I know you take an interest in theatrical matters, will you allow me to tell you of a curious coincidence I have recently discovered? Thank you. Then here goes. I remember seeing somewhere, very many years ago, a play the central idea of which was a fraud committed by two persons upon a Baronet who had left in their custody his son by a secret marriage. In this old piece the agent of the Baronet—his Solicitor—had put the boy to school, receiving for his maintenance a large annual allowance. And in this ancient comedy the Baronet suddenly turned up, to ask for his until-then-discarded child, to have palmed off upon him an impostor substituted for the real Simon Pure by the agent, who had duly received the pay from his principal, without informing that easy-going individual that the boy for whose support the money had been contributed had long since run away. Seeing *Cousin Johnny* the other evening at the Strand, I was reminded of this old comedy, as the plot of both pieces appeared to be the same.

But I liked the original comedy at the Strand far better than the original comedy at the Haymarket.—I am almost sure the piece I recollect was played at the Haymarket,—because it was much simpler in construction. Instead of a solicitor and a schoolmaster imposing upon the Baronet as in the original, at the Strand it is a husband (a man who had been the Baronet's servant) and his wife who commit the fraud. In the Old Haymarket the changeling was a lad picked out of the streets, who had been a doctor's boy, a lawyer's clerk, and an omnibus conductor; at the New Strand the changeling is a barman, and the son of what I may call the Baronet's fraudulent trustees. In both pieces the impostor here is an innocent party, ignorant of the fraud committed upon the Baronet, whom he verily believes to be really and truly his parent.

As I sat enjoying the quaint eccentricities of Mr. J. S. CLARKE as *Johnny*, I could not help thinking of the different reading I had seen years ago, when a very broad Comedian had played *Joe Wadd*—ah, to be sure, *Joe Wadd* at the old Haymarket was the counterpart of the hero of the comedy (described in

the bills) as "new and [original]" at the Strand. I thought, too, how great an improvement had been effected at the Strand in making the true son of the Baronet (who is recognised in both pieces in Act III.) the Baronet's Private Secretary, instead of a Lieutenant of the ship that had brought the Baronet over from India with his niece, as he used to be at the Haymarket. It appeared to me more natural that the rightful heir should fall in love with his unknown Cousin in that capacity than merely as a sailor. Besides, the Private Secretaryship accounted for the heir's presence in attendance upon the Baronet; while at the Haymarket the meetings between the cousins had to be of a more or less clandestine character. But the Strand version has this drawback, the young lady, *Florence Courtney*, requires a mother to chaperone her. At the Haymarket *Alice Leslie*, having no avowed admirer, could be an orphan, without maternal encumbrances. Yet it is only fair to say that, by the introduction of the General's sister, the unpleasant idea of the Baronet wishing to sacrifice his son's and niece's happiness by a forced marriage disappears, and it is the young lady's Mamma (omitted at the Haymarket) who supports the match at the Strand.

As I looked on at the Strand, the dear old times came back to me, and I jotted down my memories side by side with the modern fancies. Here is a copy of the leaf from my note-book:—

## Haymarket "Original."

*Joe*, a vulgarian, is palmed off upon Sir William Melville (a Baronet who has been secretly married when a Captain in the Army) by the Baronet's agent, who has lost the original, and who fears punishment for having pocketed the money sent to him by Sir William for that original's maintenance.

Sir William wishes his son to marry his niece.

*Joe* refuses to marry *Alice*, because he is in love with *Penelope*, a servant in the house of Sir William's agent.

*Alice* is in love with *Henry Melville*, who is known as *Jacob Brown*.

Sir William's agent in Act III. repents and confesses the fraud, and *Henry Melville* is acknowledged and betrothed to his cousin, the girl of his heart.

*Joe* marries *Penelope*, and all ends happily.

## Strand "New and Original."

*Johnny*, a vulgarian, is palmed off upon Sir George Desmond (a Baronet, who has been secretly married when a Captain in the Army) by the Baronet's agent, who has lost the original, and who fears punishment for having pocketed the money sent to him by Sir George for that original's maintenance.

Sir George wishes his son to marry his niece.

*Johnny* refuses to marry *Florence*, because he is in love with *Tilly*, a servant in the house of Sir George's agent.

*Florence* is in love with *John Desmond*, who is known as *Hugh Seymour*.

Sir George's agent in Act III. repents and confesses the fraud, and *John Desmond* is acknowledged and betrothed to his cousin, the girl of his heart.

*Johnny* marries *Tilly*, and all ends happily.

In both pieces the Baronet is disgusted at the vulgarity of *Joe-Johnny*. In both pieces *Joe-Johnny* is naturally a good-hearted fellow, who, from first to last, has the sympathies of the audience with him. At the Haymarket there was an underplot, no doubt invented to introduce the various other members of the old company. This under-plot dealt with female impostors, and an attempt to get up a breach of promise of marriage case—there is something of the sort, but very much shorter and less elaborate, at the Strand.

The acting in the new and original comedy is very good all round. Mr. J. S. CLARKE, as *Joe-Johnny*, could not be better; he is inimitable—quite the most original incident of the piece; and it is delightful to see Miss BURTON as *Lady Courtney*. Then as *Florence*, pretty, intelligent Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE—Stay—BUCKSTONE! Why, to be sure! Why did I not think of it before? And I wonder if Mr. CLARKE thought of it before! Did he suggest this excellent and novel idea to the new and original collaborators? Well, Sir, anyhow, BUCKSTONE was the *Joe* of the original comedy, Mr. ROGERS the Baronet, Mr. W. FARREN the rightful heir, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM *Penelope*, and Messrs. CHIPPERDALE and COMPTON the fraudulent trustees. To be sure! And, now I come to think of it, the old piece I have been describing was from the pen of STERLING COYNE





### "START" AND "FINISH."

Lord Rosbery (the retiring). "JUST GOING RACING, SIR, AS I'M LEAVING OFF! WISH YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS LUCK!"  
H.R.H. "THANK'YE. THE NOBLE RACEHORSE WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE HOBBY OF MINE. RUNS IN THE FAMILY."

—of course there used to be an old joke about Sterling Coin, and not imitation—it was called *The Hope of the Family*, and was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Saturday, the 3rd of December, 1853.

Faithfully yours,

THE SHORT MAN WITH THE LONG MEMORY.

P.S.—The Critic of the *Telegraph* the Strand Management are so delighted with his opinion, that they give it daily advertisement suggests that *Cousin Johnny* is a return to "honest English Comedy." Artful this of the canny SCOTT. It is a return! Deary me, to thirty years ago!

"THE ROW ACROSS THE CHANNEL."—Many persons who saw this placarded about last Saturday, thought the recent *fracas* in Hyde Park between two noble Sportsmen had ended in pistols and coffee for two on Calais sands. Others imagined that it was another French revolution. It was the news of the Oxford Eight having rowed across the Channel, on a calm day, so there was nothing to make a row about.

FANCY our dear old Lady's horror when she heard that last week, at Lord's, a Cricketer had bowled a Maiden over. "Poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. R. "I hope she was picked up again quickly, and wasn't much hurt."



'SACKLY LIKE !

[The Times, in an article on the acoustic properties of the House of Commons, said :—"When crowded, it is like speaking in a barn full of sacks."]

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday, July 20.*—ASHBOURNE down to-day, intending to make maiden speech on moving Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill. SPENCER also with speech ready. This to be debate of the evening. But other matters intervene. Bill not reached till Quarter to Eight. Time to be off to dress for dinner. Bill urgent; time short. People would say things if Lords adjourn without dealing with Bill; and yet if debate opened, what about dinner? Happy thought occurred to ASHBORNE.

"Let's pass Second Reading without debate, and make our speeches on next stage. Then neither Bill nor dinner will be damaged." House jumped at suggestion; Second Reading taken at a gallop, and all over by Quarter past Eight.

"RANDOLPH's quite right," said the Markiss. "There's nothing like the introduction of new blood. No one would have thought of this only for ASHBORNE."

In the House of Commons, matters going a little awry. Ministers on Treasury Bench practically boycotted by supporters. BEACH tries to put bold face on affairs, but has his moments of depression.

"Never was fellow so unlucky as I," he says, after alternately trying what comfort there may be in GEORGIE HAMILTON's habit of tearing up bits of paper, and in RANDOLPH's ferocious fondling of his moustache. "Haven't conquered the unpleasant feeling about my deserting NORTHCOTE at a critical moment before I tumble into this business of the Land-Leaguers. Thought, after I'd thrown over NORTHCOTE, House wouldn't mind my giving up SPENCER. Seems it does, and what's worse, it's our own fellows who're turning up rusty. Used to talk about late Government being 'humiliated'. Good word, but isn't strong enough for our fellows to apply to us after Friday night's business. Do everything for the best, but everything seems to go wrong. Wish I was back on bench opposite with NORTHCOTE by my side. Don't mind the abuse of the enemy. What's hard to bear is the contempt of your friends."

Still there are consolations. Irish votes on to-night; postponed day after day in anticipation of a row. But Parnellites honourably keep their share of bargain. True, Windbag SEXTON has an hour or so, ARTHUR O'CONNOR makes several speeches, CORBETT treats with some detail of the history, prospects, and domestic economy of the Drumdrum Criminal Lunatic Asylum, and the brothers REDMOND rave. But JOSEPH GILLIS opens his long arms to Her Majesty's Government and clasps HART DYKE to his tender breast. (This in a parliamentary sense, of course.) Pleasing to find JOEY B. in this benevolent frame of mind: more striking even than Windbag SEXTON's beautiful allegory of the "political sky in Ireland almost obscured with showers of white gloves." HART DYKE a little embarrassed by blandishments of JOEY, but doggedly repeats his formula. "Doesn't care what happens, whether his personal reputation grows or diminishes. All he thinks of is the welfare of Ireland!" *Business done.*—Irish Estimates voted with both hands.

*Tuesday.*—Always watch with interest the growth of practice of introducing object-lessons in House of Commons. LYON PLAYFAIR, one of the first practitioners, with his pots of oleomargarine, and his specimens of butterine. Then came FARQUHARSON with a calced cow, conveniently carried in waistcoat pocket. Next, BROADHURST produced masons' tool-chest, and described its contents to entranced House. Only other night CAMERON, denouncing War Office delinquencies, brought down a singularly-gifted lamp, for which there was no oil, and which would not hold a candle. Now ONSLOW brings in a copy of illustrated broadsheet, and, as Truthful JAMES puts it, "chucks it at the head of the HOME SECRETARY."

"Have you seen it?" ONSLOW growls, standing immediately behind the hapless HOME SECRETARY. No answer. "Then here you are!" and the champion of the Trade thrusts the paper in CROSS's face.

CROSS shrank, shuddering, from the contact, violently shaking his head in deprecation of this treatment of Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State. ONSLOW's manners equal to occasion. Drops the paper over CROSS's shoulder. CROSS makes desperate attempt to look as if it wasn't there. BEACH takes it up between finger and thumb, and hands it back. ONSLOW returns it, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, amid manifest signs of interest on part of CAVENTISH BENTINCK, throws it under the table.

"Keep your eye on CAVENTISH BENTINCK," WILFRID LAWSON whispers—"he'll be accidentally roaming about the table presently; will observe with surprise a paper with pictures in it under the table, and will innocently walk off with it."

A pretty scene this; fairly indicates present relations between Government and their supporters. BEACH has a particularly bad time of it; chaffed by Members opposite, and having illustrated papers and worse things thrown at him from his friends behind.

"It's rather disheartening," said JOHN MANNERS, looking round the jeering crowd before him and the angry faces behind, "to go through weeks of the Session, and no one to cry 'God bless you!'"

*Wednesday Morning.*—Things going from bad to worse. C. S. READ, LEWIS, LOWTHER, PELL, TALBOT, all stout Conservatives, bawling discredit brought upon Party by action of Leaders. At Two o'Clock this morning BEACH, after gallant effort to keep his temper, momentarily lost it. Fell, tooth and nail, upon Members on Front Bench opposite, and snappishly announced that, whatever happened, the Bill (Medical Relief) should go through Committee. HARCOURT, nothing loth, accepted this invitation to a row. RANDOLPH, with a joyous whoop, joins, and regular slanging match begins; finally ends with the Government, aided by the Parnellites, narrowly escaping defeat.

*Business done.*—Medical Relief Bill passed through Committee.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*—Came upon Grand Cross this afternoon, peeping in at the House from behind the SPEAKER's chair.

"Walk in! Walk in!" I said with that ready and unforced humour peculiar to me in the Dog Days. "There's nothing to pay. What are you looking so anxious about?"

"Ah! is that you, TOBY?" said the HOME SECRETARY, starting.



"Thought it was ONSLOW. Seen him about anywhere to-day? Did he look as if he had an illustrated paper in his pocket? Really, very annoying to have a man going on as ONSLOW does, leaning over Secretary of State, and rubbing his nose with an obnoxious newspaper. Never had to put up with this kind of thing before. Don't mean to stand it now."



Very Cross.

wholesome apprehension of a possible newspaper, returned careful answer, which said nothing particular, but sounded well. ONSLOW, after momentary hesitation, deferred further personal application of the newspaper, and Grand Cross took the earliest opportunity of leaving the Treasury Bench.

*Business done.*—One or two Irish Votes agreed to.

*Thursday Night.*—Letter from Captain GOSSET announcing his retirement from office of Sergeant-at-Arms, held for fifty years. Sir THOMAS MAY could scarcely control his emotion as he read the letter. HARCOURT openly wept, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, producing a handkerchief of vast proportions and mixed colours, suspiciously hid his face.

"Many's the time he's walked me out," said JOEY B., with snuffle that did credit to his emotionable temperament. "Couldn't say at the moment how many times I've been suspended, but never

came out. His way was so winning, and his sword so handy, that I always went with him without making any fuss."

"Then you'd better go in, put a bold face on it, and let ONSLOW know you're not to be trifled with."

"You're right, TOBY; I'll do it."

And he did it as far as appearance went, putting on severe magisterial air, though shrinking a little when he discovered ONSLOW in his place, and carefully selecting seat out of arm's length.

"Let him rub somebody else's nose with his newspapers," he muttered defiantly. "There's a RANDOLPH. Let him try him."

ONSLOW hadn't brought another newspaper with him, but repeated his question of former day as to intention of HOME SECRETARY with respect to sale of certain prints in the street. Grand Cross, with

Supposed to have met to pass Supply. Before reaching business, O'BRIEN danced upon an Irish landlord; BARCLAY treated of Procurators Fiscal; SAMUEL SMITH delivered entrancing lecture on Bimetallism ("His great grandfather ADAM's remarks on the Wealth of Nations quite dull after this," said HART DYKE); DEASY on Earl SPENCER's criminal refusal to appoint Mr. JOHN O'BRIEN, T. C., Governor of the Cork Lunatic Asylum; SEXTON on PETER O'GARA arrested for drunkenness, put in Sligo Police Barracks, and subsequently found dead, while another man (who might have been Earl SPENCER) was "found sitting on the floor with his coat and waistcoat off;" and MOLLOY "went for" Magistrates of King's County.

*Business done.*—Government defeated on Medical Relief Bill by majority of 50.

*Friday.*—An evening of mixed excitement, and varied interest. Supposed to have met to pass Supply. Before reaching business, O'BRIEN danced upon an Irish landlord; BARCLAY treated of Procurators Fiscal; SAMUEL SMITH delivered entrancing lecture on Bimetallism ("His great grandfather ADAM's remarks on the Wealth of Nations quite dull after this," said HART DYKE); DEASY on Earl SPENCER's criminal refusal to appoint Mr. JOHN O'BRIEN, T. C., Governor of the Cork Lunatic Asylum; SEXTON on PETER O'GARA arrested for drunkenness, put in Sligo Police Barracks, and subsequently found dead, while another man (who might have been Earl SPENCER) was "found sitting on the floor with his coat and waistcoat off;" and MOLLOY "went for" Magistrates of King's County.

*Business done.*—Some Votes in Supply.

### A ROYAL WEDDING.

Princess Beatrice married to Prince Henry of Battenburg, July 23, 1885.



The Royal Ring-Doves.

HAPPY the bride on whom so brightly shines  
Our English sun, with light from loyal lines  
Of honest English faces,  
A princely husband's fond exultant smile,  
A Royal Mother's love,—all that our Isle  
Of best and bravest graces.

Happy the bride!  
And happy may she be,

The wife, whom Wight's green isle, we trust, shall see

For many and many a season;  
England's home-staying daughter, bride, yet bound  
As with silk ties, within the dear home-round  
By many a gentle reason.

Reasons of heart, with which no rules of state  
Clash cruelly. Fair, filial, fond, elate,  
Glad bride and daughter loyal,  
Where'er she flits may it be on love's wing,  
Returning sure that in our hearts will ring  
A welcoming right royal!

### "THEY'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

A MR. HAGOPIAN having written to Lord SALISBURY, pressing on him the need of carrying out reforms in Armenia, "in conformity with the 61st Article of the Treaty of Berlin," without being snubbed, other Correspondents will now probably feel encouraged to indite letters to the PRIME MINISTER, setting forth the paramount and immediate necessity of,—

1. Devoting at least half a million of the Tax-payers' money to a scientific investigation of the recent eruptions of Krakatoa.
2. Sending an Ultimatum to the Czar, reminding him of a sort of half-promise made twenty years ago, not to attack Khiva.
3. Building twenty thousand miles of Railway to the Equator (also with Tax-payers' money), to educate the illiterate Savage.
4. Erecting the largest telescope in the world (cost not to exceed that of one large Ironclad) to discover the particular "Manual of Political Economy" most in use in the planet Saturn.
5. Re-establishing "Friendlies" all over the world in the "status quo ante"—any amount of British promises and belief in the same.
6. Getting on in India without the Opium Revenue.
7. And finally—Declaring the fixed conviction of the Government that the time has at length arrived for (A) Squaring the Circle. (B) Suppressing Pauperism. (C) Abolishing Hard Times, Overcrowding, Intemperance, and Crime and Misery generally.



Mr. Punch. "I feel that in losing Mr. GOSSET we are losing not merely an invaluable pictorial servant and a rare model of a Sergeant-at-Arms, but also a valued personal friend. TOBY, let us drink to the health and happiness of the Sergeant-at-Arms with three times three."

Today. "And a little one in! The Sergeant's health!" [They drink.]

received anything but courtesy from GOSSET. Fancy I can hear his voice now. 'JOSEPH GILLIS,' says he, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'the SPEAKER's ordered you out, and out you go by crook or by hook, by crop or by neck. Come along quietly, for the love of Heaven, or, as sure as you're sitting there, I'll run you through with my sword!' Ah! there's where the niceness of the man



## MUSIC AT HOME.

(A Comic Song, in French, by Monsieur Patratras.)

Mamma (sharply). "VERA, WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH! CAN'T YOU SEE EVERYBODY'S IN FITS!"

Miss Vera. "HE SINGS SO FAST, MAMMA! I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS!"

Mamma. "NO MORE DO I—NO MORE DOES ANYBODY. BUT YOU NEEDN'T SHOW IT, YOU SILLY CHILD!"

## WITH THE STREAM.

Bouncing "Bow" loquitor:—

PULL away! Yes! By Jove, it scarce needs pulling,  
So clear the course, so smoothly swift the stream.  
This is the loveliest bit of double-sculling.  
Obstruction? Adverse tide? All, all a dream!  
Aren't we just going it?

Boat slips along as though old Time were towing it.

Knew we should do it, if we once got seated,  
And here we are at last, old boy, in clover.  
Perfectly lovely! Eh? What? Get defeated?  
By whom? Why it's a regular "walk-over."  
Croaking's blank folly.  
When everything's so wonderfully jolly.

Those other fellows couldn't pull together;  
A regular scratch lot and stroked all wrong.  
Sir LUBBOCK's 'Arries they, no "time," no "feather."  
But see how splendidly we slip along!

"Row brothers, row!"  
Pile on, my BEACH, and put in all you know!

Too fast already? Well you are a duffer.  
Why, one would think, instead of a crack oar,  
You were some puffing adipose old buffer,  
Or novice who had never stroked before.

Pull away, HICKS!  
We're two young fliers, not two stiff old sticks!

What was the use of "chucking" poor old STAFFY,  
If you, too, turn a shirker? Regular spree, Sir.  
Rollicking, frolicking, spurty, shandy-gally  
Holiday out! We'll give old WEE a teaser  
Before we've done;  
But croaky carefulness will spoil our fun.

Where are we going? With the stream, of course!

Eh? Took our extra solemn double davy  
That we would stem it, whatso'er its force?

Pooh! We were then on shore. Why cry peccavi  
Before you have to?

He's a poor slave who conscience is a slave to.

We've dished them splendidly, the rival crew,

"Taken their water," and got well ahead of them.

Fouled them? Oh, do shut up, old croaker, do!

Those declared winners need not mind what's said of them

By well-licked fellows,  
Who failed—as they did—from sheer lack of "bellows."

It's splendid going here, so swift, so easy.

What's that you're muttering, *facilis descensus*?

Oh, hang old apophthegms, and don't turn queasy!

Punctiliousness in narrow sheepfolds pens us,

And tame timidity  
Shelves us at last. Look at Lord Tiddyiddity!

IDDESLEIGH is it? Ah! I'd quite forgotten.

But Tweedledum or Tweedledee what matters it?

Mere scrupulosity as a stay proves rotten,

The rough-and-tumble of the world soon shatters it.

Don't be a duffer,  
My dear HICKS-BEACH, or STAFFY's fate you'll suffer.

What? A weir yonder? Oh! I'm a-weir of it.

There! Better old Joe Millers than old saws.

I do not stand especially in fear of it,

Although they've written "Danger" near its jaws.

From nettle "Danger"

We may pluck "Safety." Things have happened stranger.

At any rate let's have our pull. It's jolly

To watch the bilious faces of our rivals.

Blow caution and consistency! Both folly!

But if we have the luck to prove survivals,

Yon rapids clearing,

We'll show 'em something new in stroke and steering.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 1, 1885.



WITH THE STREAM.







## OVER-PRESSURE.

He. "DID YOU GO TO HEAR MR. GEORGE'S LECTURE?"

She. "NO. WHO'S MR. GEORGE?" (Pause.)

He. "DID YOU GO TO HEAR JOACHIM?"

She. "NO. WHO'S JOACHIM?" (Pause.)

He. "HAVE YOU HEARD ST. PAUL AT THE ALBERT HALL?"

She. "NO. WHO'S ST. PAUL?" [Gives it up.]

## QUITE ABOVE BOARD.

THE evidence elicited by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the recent discrepancies in the Admiralty Accounts, having very naturally created in the minds of the present officials some slight confusion as to the precise nature of the responsibility falling upon them each individually in the discharge of their respective duties, the following brief preliminary "Paper of Regulations" for the guidance of the Secretary has already been issued by the Authorities at Whitehall:—

## THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

To obviate for the future any possible misconception as to the limits of the Secretary's official right of interference either with the sanguine temperament of his Chief or the sportive arithmetic of his subordinates, he shall, in time of peace, endeavour to make things pleasant all round—

(1) By avoiding nasty questions that can only lead to disagreeables;

(2) By putting a kindly and genial construction on suspicious-looking Estimates; and

(3) By playfully saying to the First Lord, if possible, after a good dinner at the Accountant-General's, "You must play your own little game on your own responsibility, you know. Ha! ha! Don't mind me! Bless you, I'm not watching you."

In time either of war, or of immediate preparation for it, then a little more general latitude should mark the Secretary's conduct; and, to enable him efficiently to dispose of the, very probably, embarrassing problems that will present themselves to him in the course of business, it will be his duty to get hold of a thoroughly comic Contractor.

## General Ulysses S. Grant.

BORN, 27TH APRIL, 1822.

DIED, 23RD JULY, 1885.

AN Iron Soldier! When red War unfurled  
O'er all the myriad leagues of the New World  
Its desolating banner, when fierce hate  
And brother-sundering feud first shook the State,  
Two noble names shone chiefly, LEE and GRANT.  
These twain, titanically militant,  
Shook like conflicting avalanches. Now  
Peace, brooding o'er the land with placid brow,  
Sees the great fighters fallen. He at last,  
The calm, tenacious man, who seemed to cast  
Defiant looks at Death, the stoic stern,  
Whom long-drawn anguish could not bend or turn,  
Lies prone, at peace, after such stress of grief  
As must have found the summons glad relief.  
An Iron Soldier! If, as foemen say,  
Mixed with true metal much of earthly clay  
Marred the heroic in him of full state,  
His land will not record him less than great,  
Who, in her hour of need, stood firm, and stayed  
The tide of dissolution. Unafraid  
The people's heart, the patriot muse, may vaunt  
The golden service of ULYSSES GRANT.

## TO SOME DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

MR. CRESWICK, honourably associated so many years in theatrical management with Mr. SHEPHERD—they were the Managerial Siamese twins, the inseparable "SHEPHERD and CRESWICK"—is going to take leave of the Stage. We thought he had retired altogether long ago, but are delighted to find the CRESWICK not snuffed out, but gleaming with all its former fire. But this is what we have to suggest, and we suggest it to the Archiest of the CAMPBELLS, who will be only too pleased to play in, or out of, Coombe Wood, and readily wood coombe to the assistance of the veteran tragedian. Are not "The Pastoral Players" the very people to do their very best for the man who, throughout his professional career, was always associated with a SHEPHERD? Do this: help him by hook or by crook.

What a beautiful real Snow Scene the Pastoral Players might have in the winter! and why not a Snow Pantomime with a dance afterwards,—a Snow Ball to follow? But *revenons à nos moutons*, as CHARLES LAMB said.

N.B.—The Committee for the Creswick Benefit meets at the Lyceum Theatre, Thursday, July 30th, at 2.30 P.M.

This personage, who should be able to imitate animals, and do some amateur conjuring, the Secretary should at once button-hole, and, by way of leading up to Government business, ask him a few good old-fashioned Conundrums. Starting, for instance, with the well-known amusing puzzle of the Man "going to St. Ives," he should gradually introduce the departmental matter in hand, and drop into the sly official humour it will be, above all things, necessary to maintain, with some such question as, "If the Government wanted twelve colliers at a pinch, with or without crews, for the purpose of despatching them either as transports, ironclads, or pleasure yachts, with—no matter how many men—to—*never you mind where*, how long would it take them to get there and back, and what would be the figure at half-a-crown for the first hour and two shillings for every hour afterwards?"

As the Contractor won't be able to answer this at once unless he is very funny, or has heard it before, the Secretary should not miss his chance of scoring, but as soon as his companion is fairly in fits over it, get out a two-headed halfpenny and offer to toss him the best out of three whether he shall put the sum, in an anonymous letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, roundly at £500,000, or hint that it will be comfortably covered by a five-pound note.

By this time the Contractor will in all probability have gathered correctly that the sole official idea is to keep up the traditions of the Department, and propose to finish the interview with a pantomime rally. In this, of course, the Secretary will join him; and just popping his head into the First Lord's Room on his way down-stairs, and shouting, "Oh, you're the best judge of the emergency, are you? Well—I wouldn't be in your shoes!" hurry him to the street with a back somersault or two, and return again to his room, conscious of the fact that, as far as he is concerned, the country shall have, at all events as yet, no reason to complain that a good old honest Admiralty joke is a thing of the past.

## A PROTEST.

[A consignment of Cat-fish has been received here.]

Oh, do not bring the Cat-fish here:

The Cat-fish is a name of fear,  
Oh, spare each stream and spring,

The Kennet swift, the Wandle clear,

The lake, the loch, the broad, the mere,

From that detested thing!

The Cat-fish is a hideous beast,  
A bottom-feeder that doth feast  
Upon unholy bait;

He's no addition to your meal,  
He's rather richer than the Eel,  
And ranker than the Skate!

His face is broad, and flat, and glum,

He's like some monstrous Miller's-thumb,

He's bearded like the pard;  
Beholding him, the Grayling flee,

The Trout take refuge in the sea,  
The Gudgeons go on guard!

He grows unto a startling size;  
The British Matron 'twould surprise,

And raise her Burning Blush,  
To see white Cat-fish, large as man,

Through what the bards call "waters wan"

Come with an ugly rush!

They say the Cat-fish climbs the trees,  
And robs the roosts, and, down the breeze,

Prolongs his caterwaul;  
Ah, leave him in his Western flood,

Where Mississippi churns the mud,  
Don't bring him here at all!



THE BITTER CRY OF THE PARLIAMENTARY CLARKE.

"HE LEAVES ME OUT HERE IN THE COLD;  
BY JINGO, IT'S GOING TOO FAR.  
GIVES NOTHING! OH, YES, A NICE OLD  
SORT OF LIBERAL PARTY YOU ARE!"

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEN our now world-renowned series of "Exteriors and Interiors" was commenced, we intimated that, at the end of the year the illustrations would be collected, and republished with a key—with, in fact, a bunch of keys. As, however, there may be some delay in their re-issue in book-form, we shall adopt on each occasion one of three courses" i.e., we may give the key with the picture, or we may give the picture in one number, and the key subsequently in another; or we may choose to treat them from time to time as Pictorial Puzzles, and bestow a Prize Volume of the collected series on the competitor who scores the largest number of successful guesses.

## "TIS TRUE, 'TIS PATTI!"

LAST Saturday night Mme. ADELINA PATTI, after being complimented on her allowing nothing to prevent her from coming to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera—(how very kind of her! wasn't she paid for it, and at a pretty considerable figure too? or did she do it out of pure regard for Mr. MAPLESON and her love of singing?)—was escorted to the Midland Hotel by a shouting mob, police, and torch-bearers. We are sorry to think that, after giving and experiencing so much pleasure, the gifted Songstress should have "suffered torchers!"

## THE NEW SKOOL OF GILDHALL MUSIC.

WELL, the Copperashun's a going it pretty well I thinks, considering as its only jest escaped from sudden death or a lingering consumption from its resigned enemys. Most Copperashuns and other Publik Bodies who had bilt the finest set of Markets in the hole world, and the finest day Skool in the hole world—were the boys carries off all the biggest prizes in the hole world, that is to say they wood if they was strong enuff, but they gits so many on 'em as they 're forced to have a cab to carry 'em away to their appy omes—and the finest free Libery in the hole world—were they has such lots of Reederers that the werry Poplar Libraryun has to send lots on 'em away to the Brittitish Mewseum coz he ain't got room enuff for 'em—wood have thort as they was now intituled to jest a little rest. But no, not them, for some bold Common Counselman having hinted at bilding a Skool of Music, sumboddy sed, "Go to Bath!" and he went to him, and then they both gos to a reglar Emperor of a Alderman and says to him, "let's have a Skool of Music." "So we will," says the Alderman, and so they set to work.

And now let us see how the littel idear growed to a werry big 'un. They fust took a house close by and opened it for a Skool of Musick and thort to have about 20 skollers. In about a year the Marster cums and says, "this here Skool ain't harf big enuff, for we've got 200 skollers insted of 20." So they took another big house next to the other big house, and that went on for a littel time, and then the Hed Marster cums again and he says, says he, these two big houses ain't harf big enuff, for we've got 2000 skollers insted of 200!

Well, it takes a good deal to astonish the Copperashun, as I werry well knos, but I'm told as this did astonish 'em jest a bit. And every body araked, "What on airth shall we do?" Then up sprung a plucky yung chap, as can sing a song like a bird, and he says, says he, "What shall we do? Why, bild a reglar Pallis as will hold the blooming lot quite cumferabel." And they all sang in chorus, "And so we will." And when old Deputy SKINFLEET said, "How about

the expense?" the imperial Alderman said, "If there's any bother about that, I'll pay it myself." So that little matter was soon settled.

Then they made the plucky yung chap a Cheerman, and sent him to lay the fust stone of the new Skool on the Tems Imbankment, witch he did it last Wensday with a lovely reel silver trowell as big as a spade, and tho the LORD MAKE couldn't cum coz he was a bilding a Horsepittle or summat of that sort elsewhere, he sent his love to the plucky Cheerman and lent him won of his Sherryffs and a Alderman too and lots of Deputyts and peepole to help him, so it must have bin quite a grand site on the Imbankment, witch I regrets as I didn't see coz I wasn't there, but was told by them as was, and then they all come back to dinner, and there I did see 'em in coarse. And werry good apptyights their werry ard work seemed to have guv 'em, and lots on em made speeches, and werry good uns too considering as they was only a Mewsical Committy. And the Hedhitter of the Times was there, and he said—as ony sitch a mitey swell could say—"If the Copperashun spends about a hundred thousand pound in bilding up a Skool of Musick, it will shew as they are worthy of the Times!" It's suttlenly a large price to pay for sitch a honner, but I spose as it can't well be done for less, and so Cheerman MORRISON says, "Right you are!" and so it's as good as dun.

The Cheerman made werry short speeches, witch for wunce we was werry sorry for, as he speaks werry well, but he made hup for it by singing a grand song in his own grand style. But he quite surprised us all by showing us wot a horful raddical he is! Why, he sung a song about a King's life being nuffin compared to a Common Counselman's, witch although I dessay it's trew enuff, for I don't suppose as there's any life as cums near a Copporashun Cheerman's, yet all us Waiters thort that as it 'ud be better, when so many Press Gents was present, jest to keep it a littel dark, or there 'll be such a rush for the places as 'ud a little astonish the present oocypents of comferel Copporashun Cheers.

I noticed as a singler cohicidents, that wen he said in his song, "The King can drink the best of wine, so can I!" every wun of the



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 15.



IN "GLADSTONE'S ROOM,"—I.E., IN THE ROOM OF GLADSTONE.

Press Gents filled his glass to the brim and tried the truth of his statement, and then drunk a second to show as he thort so two. So the day was wot I calls a perfect spessimen of a reel good 'un, for it begun with a good deed and ended with a good dinner.

Ah, if most of our days was begun and ended in the same way as that ere day, what a different world it 'ud be! Goodness and Kindness and Charity and Silver Trowels and Music in the Morning, and Good Dinners and kind short speeches and capital Songs and Christian Horspitality in the evening. It may be only a dream of the cumming Future, but wot a dream!

ROBERT.

## TENNYSON'S TROUBLE.

VERY graceful, no doubt, was the Laureate's perfunctory Wedding Present to Princess BEATRICE, who accepted it, as Her Royal Highness took Prince HENRY, for "better and *verre*." But what in Heaven's name,—in the sidereal Heaven's name,—did he mean by "A conjectured planet in mid Heaven between two suns"? *Polonius*, who so highly approved of the expression "Mobled Queen," would certainly have observed,

"'Conjectured planet' is good." But "between two suns"? Was the Poet Laureate thinking of the lines in the *Critic*, about "Two revolving suns"? Or was he only "mooning," and not thinking of anything in particular, except what a bore it was to be a Poet Laureate, and compelled to turn out machine-cut couplets to order? However, his Lordship, the Laureate, may congratulate himself on the fact that, if there is a "conjectured planet" standing like a donkey between two bottles of hay, or like a noodle between two stools who comes to the ground, —we don't mind helping the troubadour to a simile or two gratis,—and "two suns" left for his phenomenal planet, at least there are not two daughters left, whose weddings will force him to mount his willing, but weary, Pegasus.

## THE KEY OF "GLADSTONE'S ROOM."

TOBY DOG, TOBY DOG,  
Where have you been?  
"I've been to GLADSTONE'S Room."  
What do you mean?

TOBY DOG, TOBY DOG,  
What saw you there?  
"I saw a little man in GLADSTONE'S chair."

Here SALISBURY hollars,  
"Oh, RANDOLPH, what collars!"  
But RANDOLPH says, "SARUM,  
It suits me to wear 'em."  
Says IDDESLEIGH to GIFFORD,  
"We've not often differed,  
CRANBROOK is weighing  
What HAMILTON's saying,  
Duke o' RICHMOND you'll find him  
With GIBSON behind him,  
Grand CROSS is the man up,  
And STANHOPE will stan' up,  
While listening to each  
Sits MICHAEL HICKS-BRACH,  
SMITH, seated, looks tall  
And full as a book-stall  
Of knowledge priced cheap,  
He's almost asleep.  
They'd all smoke Havannahs  
If 'twasn't for MANHERRS."  
So here they all met are,  
And here they agree  
That "GLADSTONE'S Room's better  
Than his compagnee."

## HAYMARKETING.

THE interior of the Haymarket Theatre, Monday night, July 20, on the occasion of the BANCROFTS' Farewell, was a wonderful sight.



Mr. and M<sup>rs</sup>. Bancroft (singing).

Farewell to the spot where so happy we've been,  
And now we are off to the Engadine. (Exeunt dancing.)

The heat was intense: not a dry eye but wanted wetting, and the other eye also after that.

"Warm, isn't it!" exclaimed the President of the Royal Academy, to Sir ROBERT BROWNING—he isn't Sir ROBERT, but he ought to be; he's *our* Sir ROBERT until our own ROBERT gets knighted, than which there are more unlikely events that may happen in the Home of Turtle and Fine Linen.

"Warm!" replied Sir ROBERT BROWNING. "I wish I were at the sea-side!"

"What! Walmer!" cried the President.

"Yes, even that," returned the Bard; "for I'd prefer to be BROWNING in the sun to be baking under the gaslights."

"How about the Leger?" gasped Mr. JOHN HARE to Captain HAWLEY SMART.

"Melton," answered the noble Sportsman, fanning himself with a handkerchief.

"Ha! a hot favourite!" said Mr. J. H., booking the tip. "Tremendous heat!"

"Heat!" murmured the Captain. "It's equal to three heats."

I don't know what most people thought of the bill of fare provided for our entertainment, but, personally I would, "on such a night," to quote the Bard, rather have had selections from the Robertsonian pieces than the first Act of BULWER'S *Money*, and a scene from BOUCCICAUT'S *London Assurance*.

It was interesting and amusing enough to see Mr. JOHN CLAYTON as a Butler—very much "out of place"—and Mrs. JOHN WOOD, as a Maid-servant, chuckled under the chin by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, who played Sir Frederick Blount as if he were first cousin of Lord Dundreary. Funny, of course, was also Mr. DAVID JAMES, who seemed to have forgotten a considerable amount of whatever he might once have known of this part. But what did it matter? We laughed, all of us. But criticism is out of the question on so exceptional an evening, and therefore I will suppose that all did their best, and looked their best. I would rather have seen Mr. HARE as Lord Plarminigan, or Beau Farintosh than as Sir Harcourt Courtly, and Mrs. KENDAL as Dora, in *Diplomacy*, than as that very theatrical Amazon, Lady Gay Spanker.

I should say that, where all were so successful, Mr. KENDAL'S "Yoicks! and who-hoop or Tallyho!"—or whatever the sporting cries were that he gave vent to,—might have, as the slang goes now-a-days, "taken the cake." It thrilled through Captain HAWLEY SMART, who, had it not been for the oppressive atmosphere, would with difficulty have been restrained from joining in a shout so dear to the heart of every true sportsman. The only person who seemed to take it cool was Sir HENRY IRVING, as he stepped lightly on to the stage and delivered himself of some most appropriate lines, written by Sir CLEMENT SCOTT—in these days, when everyone is being Baronetted or Knighted, it is so difficult to refuse a title to those whose names seem to be exactly formed to have a handle fitted to them)—whereat all the house cheered, to be in return itself cheered by the entrance of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, whose few words put everyone in a better humour than ever.

Then the Curtain went down, and in a few seconds again arose, showing a stage covered with floral trophies, telling, not as mere flowers of speech, but in the very best language of flowers, of the tribute of affectionate regard which everyone present felt for the retiring Manageress. The Manager had to come forward alone, and speak for himself and partner.

I felt inclined to say, "Don't be down-hearted, Sir! 'don't cry, Mr. COOKE!' This is not good-bye, but *au revoir*!" and, after all, there's not much to weep about in having finished work early, and being able to retire in the very prime of life with a large fortune, good health, and the best wishes of a vast number of genuine friends, at a time when a majority of working men at the Bar, for example, who have toiled and toiled, and had to keep up appearances, are only just beginning to get out of difficulties, and to know the luxury of an increasing reserve-fund on deposit. Bless my dear pockets, I only wish I had half the cause for tears that my friend, Ex-Manager BANCROFT has, and I would weep for joy?

The BANCROFTS have done much for the Stage: in fact, the *mise-en-scène* at the houses where Comedy is played, owes its present completeness entirely to them. They, and Mr. HARE with them, introduced the natural style of acting, thereby supplanting the theatrical tone and gestures of the old school, which Burlesques had done good service in laughing off our Stage for ever. I wish them health, happiness, *ad multos annos*, and am theirs very truly,  
SOFT NIBBS.

## SELLING OFF!!!

SALISBURY, CHURCHILL, & Co.'s

## GREAT SUMMER SALE!!

Now proceeding at the Conservative Stores, Westminster.

In consequence of Change of Management, Premises must be cleared before November next,

AT ANY COST,

Preparatory to the introduction of the

NEW SEASON'S GOODS,

In the shape of an extensive and *recherché* assortment of

NEO-TORY-DEMOCRATIC NOVELTIES.

Selling Off, at an Alarming Sacrifice, all the immense Surplus Stock, and vast quantities of Cheap Goods, specially purchased at Lowest Sale Prices.

## GREAT BARGAINS!!!

A few of which are quoted below:—

Fine Old Conservative Principles, going cheap (slightly out of fashion).

A large assortment of Party Promises (slightly damaged).

A JOB LOT

Of Patriotic Bunkum, Fiscal Bow-wow, and Fair-Trade Fallacies to be disposed of in large or small parcels at prices absolutely

## WITHOUT RESERVE!!!

BALANCE OF A LARGE BANKRUPT STOCK OF POLITICAL PLEDGES

(Unredeemed) offered at Prices unprecedentedly low.

ASTOUNDING CHANGES AND ABSOLUTELY RUINOUS REDUCTIONS!!!

Over Two Hundred Party Cloaks (Reversible) at any Price you like!

Also,

One Superb and Unique "Elijah's Mantle"

To be Sold to the Highest Bidder.

Large Stock of Hibernian Muzzles (extra strong), laid in by the late Management during a period of panic, at the urgent advice of the present Proprietors, GIVEN AWAY!!!!!!

Russian Leather Goods and Egyptian Bric-à-brac!

Immense Bargains!!

Also a number of Political Reputations (damaged), Violent Party Speeches (disavowed), Promises (mostly broken), Long-tried Leaders (deserted), Alliances (abandoned), Statements (unfounded), Statistics (cooked), &c., &c., in one large MISCELLANEOUS LOT, to be parted with at any price—or none—to any Parties promising to cart them away and say no more about it.

## REMEMBER! MUST BE SOLD!!

For further particulars apply to the "BOY WITH THE DRUM" (answering to the name of RANDOLPH), at the door of the Conservative Stores, Westminster. [ADVT.]

THE Boy is Father to the Man. It is said, we believe, on most respectable medical authority, that Sergeant BULMER, 2nd Lincoln, the Crack Shot at Wimbledon this year, was passionately devoted to bull's-eyes from his earliest childhood, and used to make scores of them himself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



# THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.—GENERAL GORDON.



**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—“A new invention is brought before the Public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the Public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.”—ADAMS.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked “ENO'S FRUIT SALT.” Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages, How to Prevent Disease.

**PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E. BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**

**CARLTON HIGHLAND MALT WHISKEY.**  
ELEVEN YEARS OLD.  
OLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.  
25s. the Gall; 50s. the Doz.  
CARLTON FINE. CASE ONLY.

**RICH'D. MATHEWS & CO.,**  
22 and 94, Albany Street, London, N.W.  
BOTTLING STORES—  
BLOOMSBURY MANION, HART STREET, W.C.  
Agents for India—CUTLER, PALMER, & CO.

**ROPER FRÈRES'**  
FIRST QUALITY  
CHAMPAGNE.  
VINTAGE 1880.

**THE NORMAL DIURETIC APERIENT**  
*Friedrichshall Mineral Water*

**“The National Table Waters.”**

**ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS**  
REGISTERED.  
ESTABLISHED 1868.  
Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Lemonade, Aromatic Ginger Ale.  
For Gout: Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potash Water.

**ASK FOR ELLIS'S.**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
SOLE ADDRESS—R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN, NORTH WALES.  
London Agents: W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

**The ‘CRITERION’ CAFÉTIÈRE.**  
ARNDT'S PATENT.  
Extracts by simply filling the upper part with boiling water at the PALATABLE AND WHOLESOME PROPERTIES OF COFFEE without EXTRACTING THE INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES, SUCH AS CAFFEINE AND TANNIC ACID.  
No possible loss of Aroma. Recommended by the highest medical authorities. May be obtained at all the principal furnishing ironmongers in the Kingdom.  
Size—3 1 6 8 12 large cups.  
Black Tin .. 3s 4s 5s 6s 7s  
Polished Nickel .. 12s 14s 16s 18s 20s  
Agents for England, Ireland, and Colonies:—  
THOS. F. COOK & CO., 34, Snow Hill, LONDON.  
Agents for Scotland:—  
R. WYLIE HILL & CO., ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW.

**FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.**  
183 STRAND  
CATALOGUE 1885 FREE

**What shall I Drink?**

The LANCET has subjected the Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice to full analysis for quality and purity, and recommends the public to drink it in preference to any form of “acid.”

**MONTERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE AND CORDIALS**  
AROMATIC CLOVE, STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE, SARGAPARILLA, JAR-GONELLE, QUININE, PEPPERMINT.  
Retail from Grocers, Druggists, and Wine Merchants everywhere.

**EPPS'S CRATEFUL—COMFORTING.**

**COCOA.**

**SULPHOLINE LOTION**  
(The Cure for Skin Diseases)  
In a few days removes every eruption, spot, or blemish, rendering the skin clear, smooth, supple, and healthy. Sold everywhere.

**FIVE GOLD MEDALS BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER**  
FOR CAKES, PASTRY & PUDDINGS

## DEPARTED ERRORS.

“OUR PAST becomes the Mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE. Looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.”—Lord Lytton.

**HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.**—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people—unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely—to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ale, port wine, dark sherry, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, therefore no family should be without it.

“MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.”—Bishop Hall.

**DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.**—Late hours, fatigues, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty rheumatism, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

**DRESS FABRIC AT FIRST COST.**

**BRADFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.**

Will, on receipt of letter or post card, promptly forward, POST FREE, sample Patterns of their Dress Fabrics, the most recent season. The “Century” Cashmere, Serge, All Wood Fabrics, are unequalled for price and quality. The Firm speaks highly of the advantages now within the reach of the public. The R. M. Co. say “Write at once, and mention ‘Punch.’”

any part of the kingdom on all orders over 4s in value. The R. M. Co. obtained the Highest Award at the Health Exhibition. He came and announces in FULL. Write at once, and mention “Punch.”

**Goddard's Plate Powder**

NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c. Two Gold Medals—New Zealand, 1882, Calcutta, 1884. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

**HIGHEST AWARD Apollinaris HEALTH EXHIB. 1884**



# H. J. NICOLL,

MERCHANT CLOTHIER TO THE QUEEN,

THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. ARMY, NAVY, AND CIVIL OUTFITTER.

LONDON:

114, 116, 118, 120, REGENT STREET, W.;

22, CORNHILL, E.C.;

41, 44, 45, 46, WARWICK STREET, W. (WHOLESALE).

PARIS: 29 & 31, RUE TRONCHET, 29 & 31.

PROVINCES:

MANCHESTER—10, MOSLEY STREET.

LIVERPOOL—50, BOLD STREET.

BIRMINGHAM—39, NEW STREET.



## GENTLEMEN.

*Specialist* TRAVELLING SUITINGS, from £3 3s., for Shooting, Fishing, and Travelling wear, in the New Heather, Mixed Cheviots, and Angoras; also in special makes of Undyed Homespun Cloths.

*Specialist* COATINGS for Morning, and Frock Coats of the finest possible manufacture.

*Specialist* TROUSERS in the newest and most fashionable designs.

*Specialist* LIGHT OVERCOATINGS, for Summer and Travelling wear.

## LADIES.

LADIES' TRAVELLING COSTUMES, in new Parisian designs and materials; also *specialist* make of Cloth-Serge, for Morning and Travelling wear, at Four-and-a-half (4s. 6d.) per yard.

LADIES' JACKETS, in novel makes and finely braided.

LADIES' INVERNESS CLOAKS and ULSTERS, in showerproof yet light materials.

Special attention is drawn to Messrs. NICOLL'S new COMBINED ULSTER-CLOAK.

LADIES' RIDING HABITS, with patent Foot-strap, in special makes for this season.

## BOYS' MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Special preparations are made for Young Gentlemen home for the Holidays. Outfits from the finest and most durable materials at very moderate prices.

"Very Digestible—Nutritious—Pale table—Satisfying—Excellent in Quality—Perfectly free from Grit—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Made in a minute." *Vide Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.*

## ALLEN AND HANBURY'S' Malted FOOD

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

A highly-concentrated and self-digesting nutriment for young children; supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone in a partially soluble and easily assimilable form. It also affords a sustaining and healthful diet for Invalids, and those of a dyspeptic tendency.

Tins, 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s. & 10s.



## KROPP'S (REGISTERED) RAZORS.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW-GROUND NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE. The finest Razor ever manufactured. Mr. Henry Irving writes—"I find your Razors excellent." The money will be returned if the Razors are not as represented.

Black Handle. Ivory Handle. In Leather Case complete 1s. 6d. 7s. 6d. 1 Pair in Leather Case .. 11s. 6d. 21s. 6d. 4 Razors .. 31s. 6d. 61s. 6d. 7-day Cases complete .. 42s. 6d. 91s. 6d. From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 61, FRITH ST., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

**RIMMEL'S NEW ROYAL** PERFUMES.—Princess BEATRICE, Royal Heiress, and Orange Blossom, 2s. 6d. each; the three in a neat box, 7s. RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR, a tonic and refreshing lotion for the Toilet and Bath, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. RIMMEL, Perfumer to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 56, Strand; 125, Regent Street; 24, Cornhill, London.

FOR FISH, CHOPS, STEAKS, &c. **MELLOR'S SAUCE** IS THE BEST MANUFACTORY WORCESTER

## KNOX'S "ECLIPSE" SPIRIT STOVE,

PATENTED.

1s. 6d. each; per Post, 1s. 9d. each. Special quotations for large quantities.



Open. Partly Open. Size across Outside Standards, 8 inches. Height of Standards, 8 inches.

"THE VERY THING THAT HAS BEEN WANTED FOR YEARS."

This Stove possesses the great advantage of being able to regulate the heat, which is done by moving two crescent-shaped slides, which pass over the wire gauze, inwards or outwards, as required.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove you can cook a chop, steak, ham and eggs, &c., &c., &c.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove you can make tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., while you are dressing, or at any other time.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove you can boil your own shaving water in two minutes.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove ladies can heat their curling irons in one minute.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove you can boil the baby's or invalid's food.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove you can keep the baby's food just warm.

With the "ECLIPSE" Stove you can make hot water the last thing at night for your brandy, when all the fire and put out and the servants are not handy.

Always take an "ECLIPSE" Stove with you when you go into apartments at the seaside, &c., when yachting, fishing, shooting, picnicking, &c., &c.

Use PURE METHYLATED SPIRITS, or you will spoil the Stove.

To be had of Ironmongers, Oilmen, and Chemists, or sent direct, on receipt of price, by

**H. A. KNOX & CO.,** Importers of American and German Hardware Novelties, &c., BIRMINGHAM and SHEFFIELD MERCHANTS, 151, HOUNDSDITCH, LONDON.

## BEST HAVANA CIGARS.

AT IMPORT PRICES. Also excellent Foreign Cigars, as supplied to the Leading Clubs, Army Messes, and Public. 16s. 20s., and 25s. per 100. Samples, 5 for 1s. (11 stamps).

**BENSON, 61, St. Paul's Churchyard.**

*The Only Gold Medal, 1884 FOR A MALTED INFANTS FOOD*

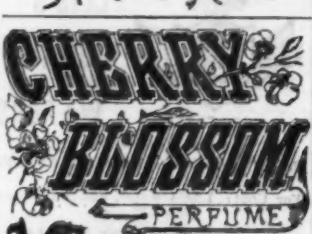
## THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON, & OF CHEMISTS &c EVERYWHERE

## TADDY & CO., LONDON.



"YOU SHOULD TRY THEIR MYRTLE GROVE"



A Charm to Existence

TO BE OBTAINED EVERYWHERE. Manufactured by JOHN GOSNELL & CO. LONDON.

## CHUBB'S LOCKS.

PRICE LIST SENT FREE. 129, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., 65, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, London; Manchester, Liverpool, & Birmingham.

## GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely essence "Chateau Fontaine" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using KERINE. Sold only by W. WINTERS, 475, Oxford St., London. Price 3s. 6d. 10s. 6d. 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair KERINE is invaluable.

## EAU DE COLOGNE

COMFORTABLE TEETH

The use of this valuable mouth wash ensures ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM TOOTHACHE AND DECAY OF THE TEETH. There are three kinds distinguished by a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD attached to the bottle. The YELLOW stops instantly the most violent TOOTHACHE. That with the GREEN is invaluable to persons who suffer periodically from toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth to gums, decay and offensive breath, for by using a few drops in a little water to rinse the mouth they will not only NEVER SUFFER AGAIN, but they will preserve their TEETH SOUND AND WHITE TILL THE END. That with the RED is children's use.

M. SUZ also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Tooth-brush, made of the finest bristles, and his ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

Through any Chemist, or direct from WILCOX & CO., Free by Parcel Post, Green Thread, 1s. Yellow Thread, 2s. 6d. Red Thread, 3s. 6d. Tooth-Paste, 6d. 6d. Suz Tooth-Brush, 1s. 6d.

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Label bears the name "Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London."

## CIGARS DE JOY

ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief to the worst attack of ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, and SHORTNESS OF BREATH. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath, find this invaluable, as they instantly check the cough, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a quiet night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be used by ladies, children, and most delicate persons. Boxes of 25 Cigarettes, 2s. 6d., from WILCOX & CO. and all Chemists.

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each box bears the name "Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London."

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and take

## HOP BITTERS.

If you are a man of letters, toiling over your pen night work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take

## HOP BITTERS.

If you are young and growing too fast, or if you are entering from the effects of any over-indulgence, take

## HOP BITTERS.

If you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take

## HOP BITTERS.

Have you DYSPEPSIA, RINDY OR UNRULY CONSTIPATION, DIZZINESS, HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, or any of the above? You will be cured if you take

## HOP BITTERS.

## GOLD MEDAL.

SODA WATER. LEMONADE. POTASS AND LITHIA WATER. GINGER ALE, DRY AND SWEET. MALVERN SELTZER WATER.

# Schweppe's

These Waters continue to be supplied to the QUEEN. CAUTION.—The genuine are protected by Labels bearing "Fountain" Trade Mark, and all Corks branded "J. SCHWEPPE & Co."

# Table Waters.